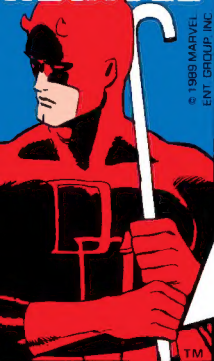


MARVEL



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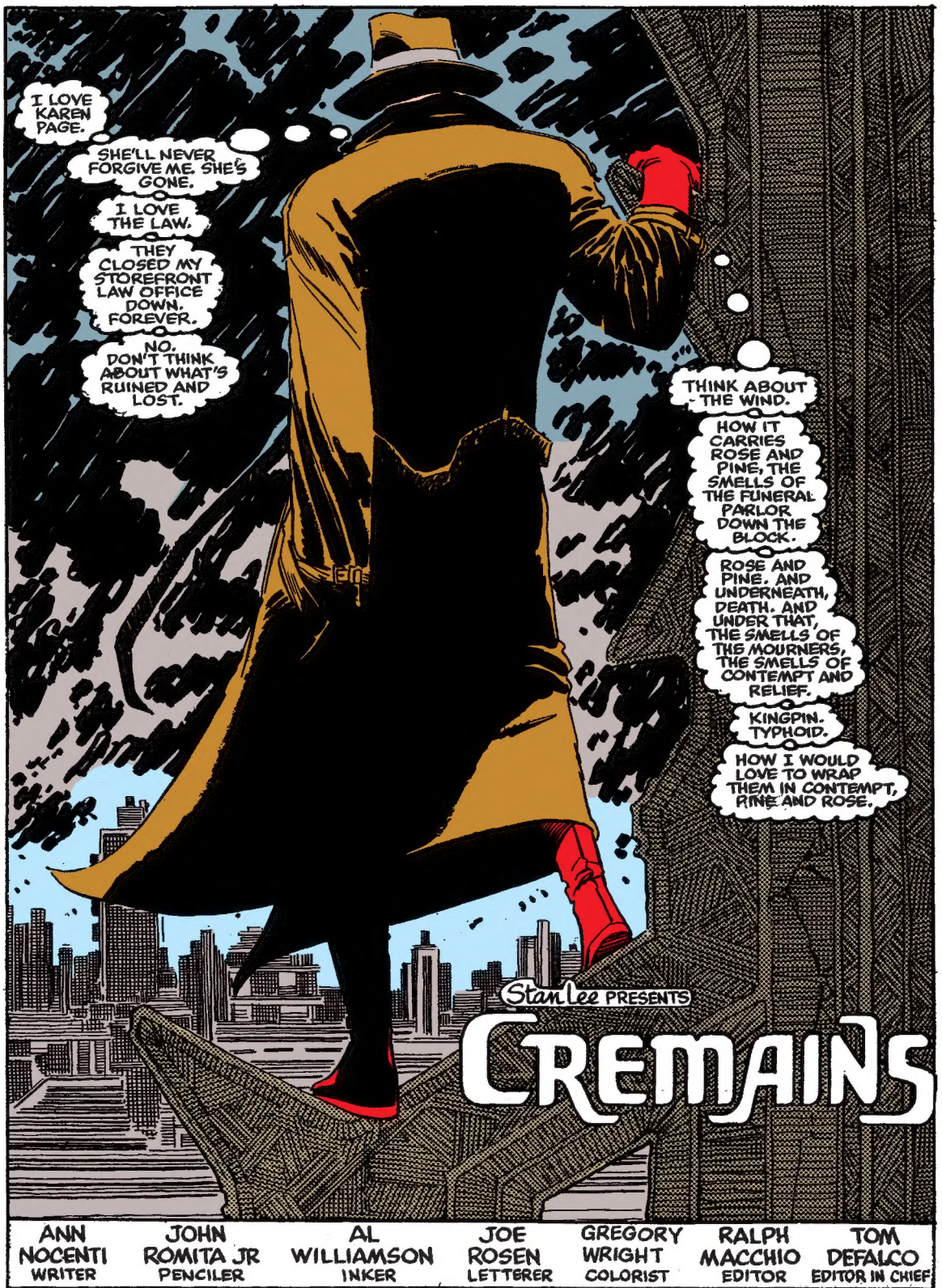
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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JRJR
& W



I LOVE
KAREN
PAGE.

SHE'LL NEVER
FORGIVE ME. SHE'S
GONE.

I LOVE
THE LAW.

THEY
CLOSED MY
STOREFRONT
LAW OFFICE
DOWN
FOREVER.

NO.
DON'T THINK
ABOUT WHAT'S
RUINED AND
LOST.

THINK ABOUT
THE WIND.

HOW IT
CARRIES
ROSE AND
PINE, THE
SMELLS OF
THE FUNERAL
PARLOR
DOWN THE
BLOCK.

ROSE AND
PINE. AND
UNDERNEATH,
DEATH. AND
UNDER THAT,
THE SMELLS OF
THE MOURNERS,
THE SMELLS OF
CONTEMPT AND
RELIEF.

KINGPIN.
TYPHOID.

HOW I WOULD
LOVE TO WRAP
THEM IN CONTEMPT,
PINE AND ROSE.

Stan Lee PRESENTS

REMAINS

ANN
NOCENTI
WRITER

JOHN
ROMITA JR
PENCILER

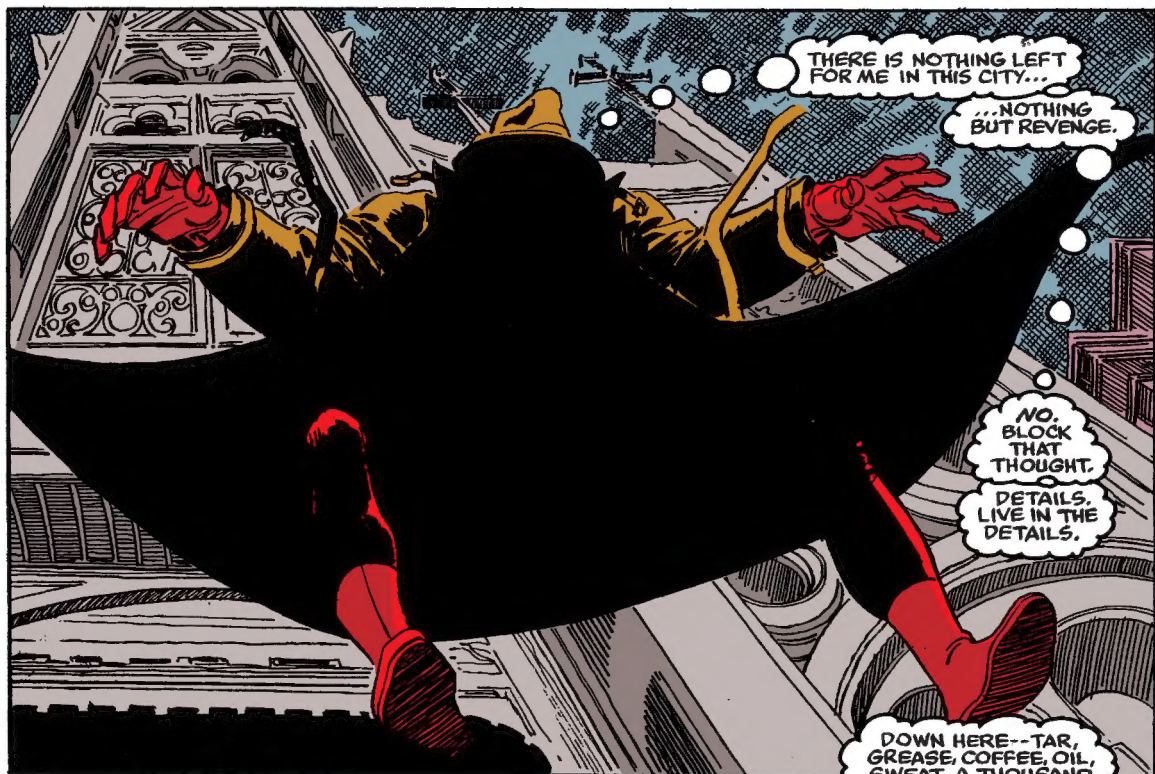
AL
WILLIAMSON
INKER

JOE
ROSEN
LETTERER

GREGORY
WRIGHT
COLORIST

RALPH
MACCHIO
EDITOR

TOM
DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF



THERE IS NOTHING LEFT
FOR ME IN THIS CITY...

...NOTHING
BUT REVENGE.

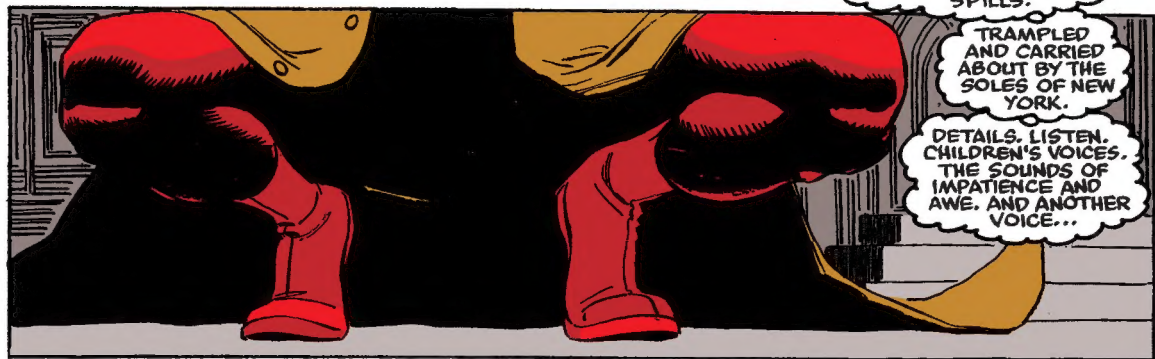
NO.
BLOCK
THAT
THOUGHT.

DETAILS.
LIVE IN THE
DETAILS.

DOWN HERE--TAR,
GREASE, COFFEE, OIL,
SWEAT, A THOUSAND
SPILLS.

TRAMPLED
AND CARRIED
ABOUT BY THE
SOLES OF NEW
YORK.

DETAILS. LISTEN.
CHILDREN'S VOICES.
THE SOUNDS OF
IMPATIENCE AND
AWE. AND ANOTHER
VOICE...



GOD FORGIVES
ANYTHING
YOU DO?

YES, HE WILL ALWAYS
FORGIVE YOU.

AND THE BEAUTY OF THAT ALL-
FORGIVING LOVE WILL INSPIRE YOU,
UNTIL YOU NO LONGER DO ANYTHING
THAT NEEDS FORGIVING.

ALL YOU
GOTTA DO
IS TELL HIM?

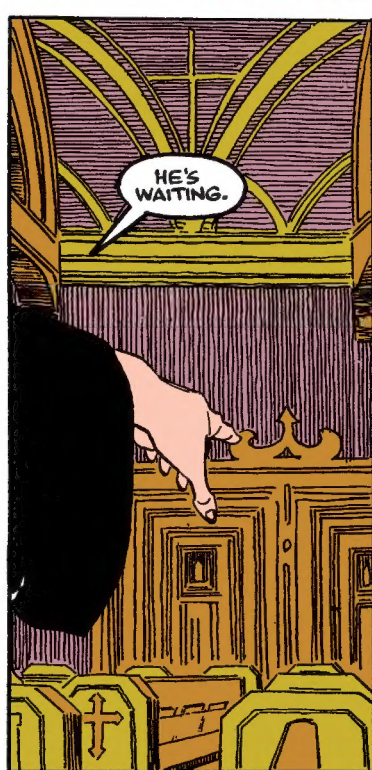
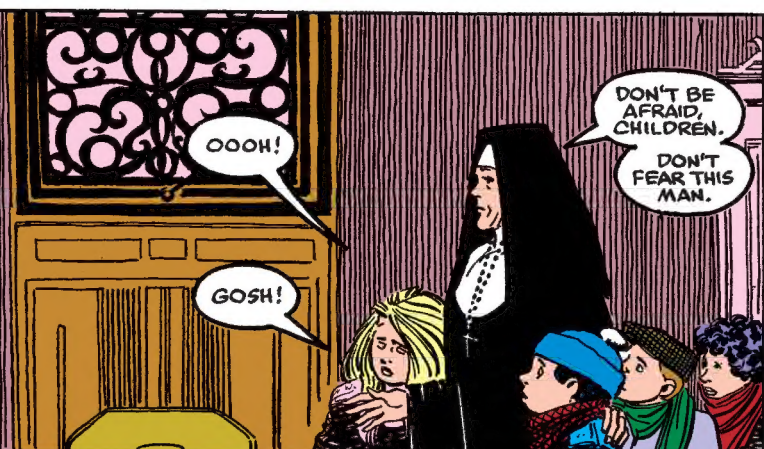
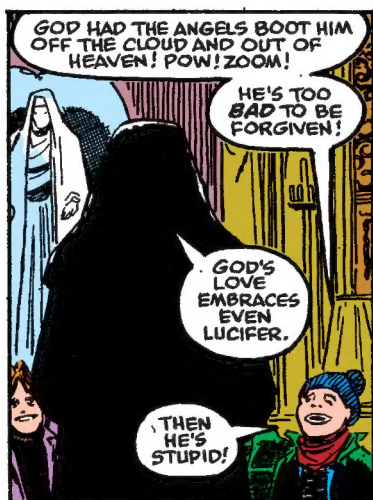
THAT
SOUNDS
GREAT!

SOUNDS
LIKE A
RACKET
TO ME.



MAYBE, BUT A GOOD ONE.
SOMETIMES, ALL YOU NEED IS
ONE PERSON TO BELIEVE IN
YOU, AND YOU SHINE.

YEAH.
HEY, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
LUCIFER?

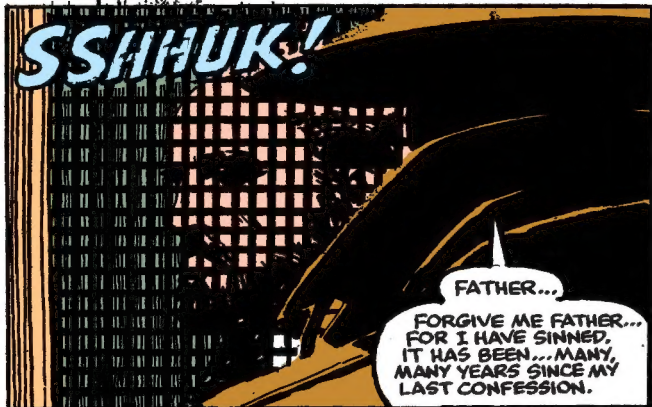




RUSTLING. STIFF, STARCHED CLOTH. ONE HUMBLE HEARTBEAT. HE'S IN THERE.

SMELLS OF INCENSE, OF PIETY. HOLIER THAN THOU. HOLY WATER? NO. PLAIN OLD TAP WATER.

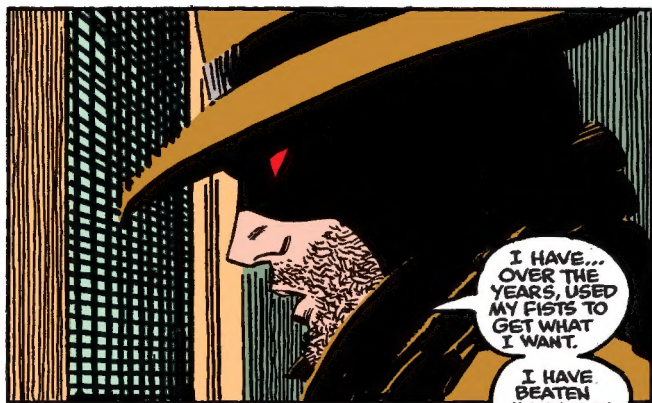
CRUMBLERD HOST, SPILLED WINE ON HIS ROBES. PLAIN FLOUR AND WATER. STORE BOUGHT, INEXPENSIVE WINE. HIS BODY, HIS BLOOD.



SSHHUK!

FATHER...

FORGIVE ME FATHER... FOR I HAVE SINNED. IT HAS BEEN... MANY, MANY YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION.



I HAVE... OVER THE YEARS, USED MY FISTS TO GET WHAT I WANT.

I HAVE BEATEN MANY MEN.

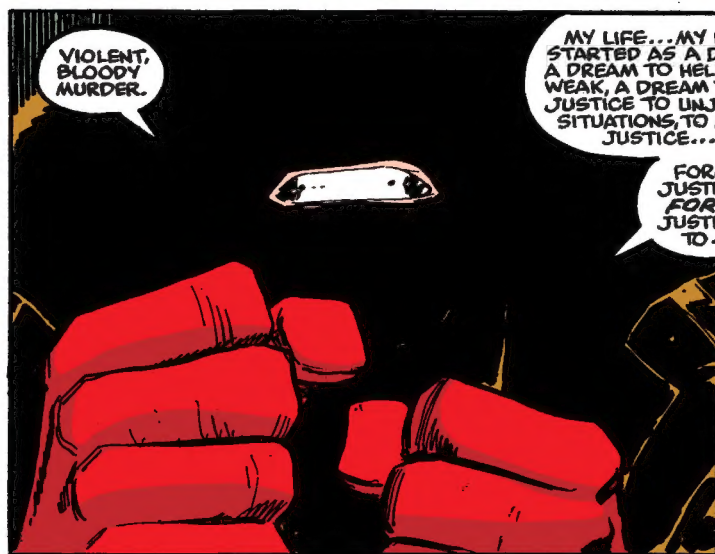
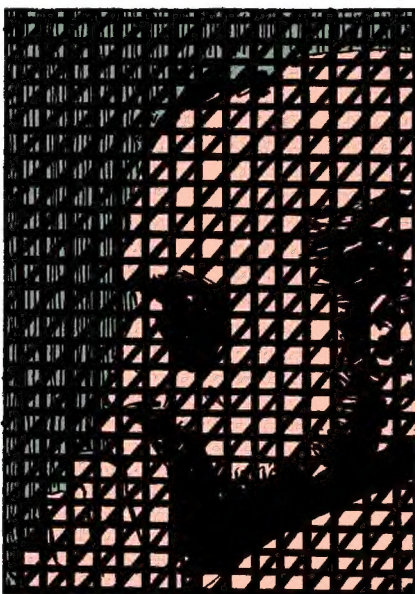
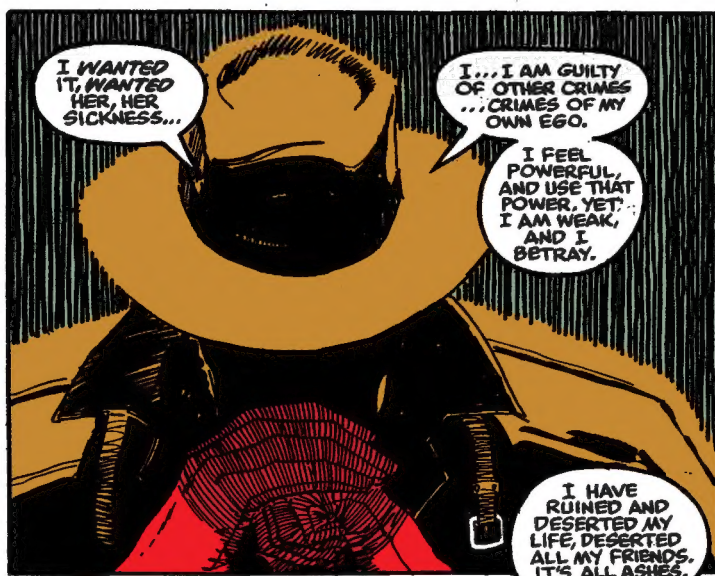


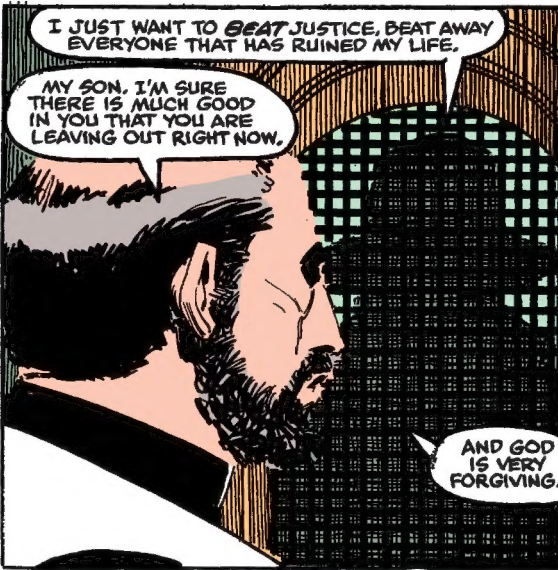
JUST RECENTLY, I BETRAYED THE WOMAN I LOVE.

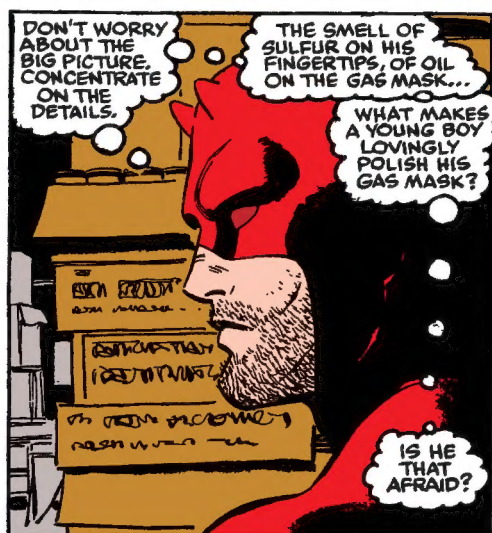
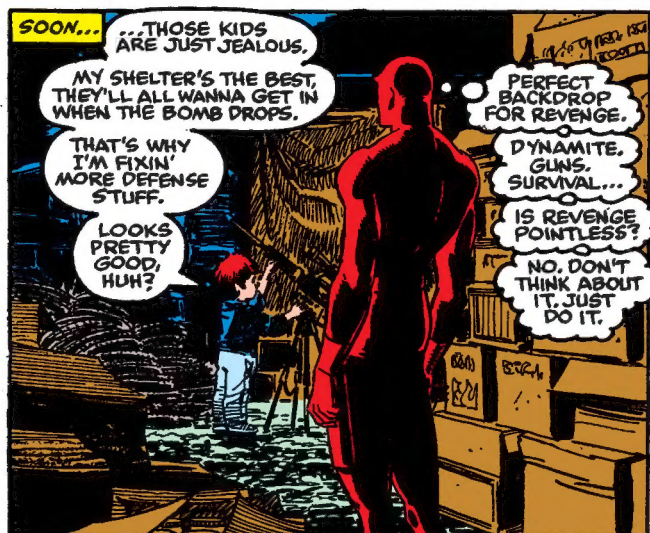


THERE WAS THIS... THIS OTHER WOMAN...

THIS CREATURE... THIS TYPHOID, THIS PLAGUE, THIS SICKNESS...









HE'S FIXING THE GUN MOUNT WITH BUBBLE GUM. BUBBLE GUM.

BUBBLE GUM FOR GUN MOUNTS.

THE DETAILS. FORGET MEANING. CONCENTRATE ON DETAILS.

I'M JUST A BLINDMAN, LIVING IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES.

I BET THIS GUY IS HERE TO KILL DAD.

SO YOU FOUGHT MY DAD, AND NOW YOU'RE FRIENDS?

YOU GUYS DO THE SAME STUFF. YOU BOTH FIGHT CRIME. YOU GUYS GONNA FIGHT CRIME TOGETHER?

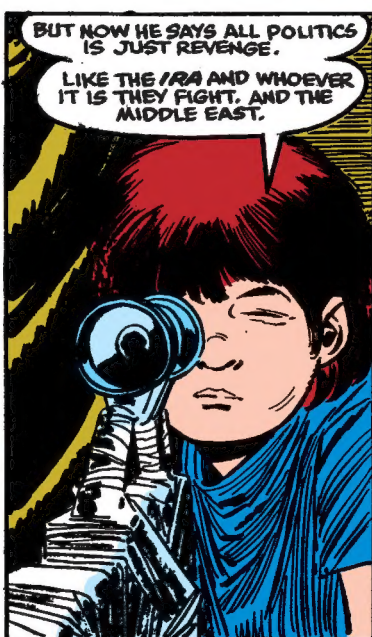
YOUR DAD DOESN'T FIGHT CRIME. YOUR FATHER IS A PAID KILLER. HE'S NOTHING LIKE ME.



YOU KNOW, YOU CAN WAIT HERE IF YOU WANT, BUT SOMETIMES DAYS GO BY AND HE DON'T VISIT.

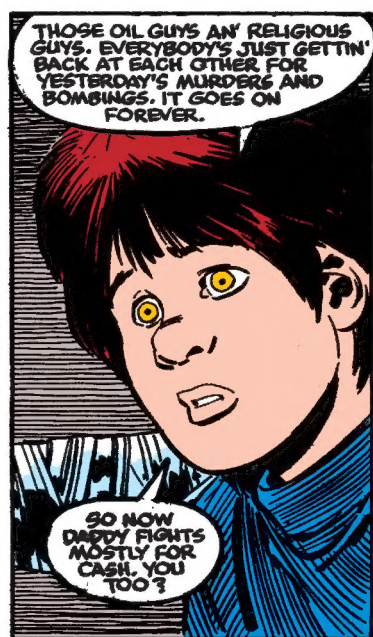
POP!

HE USED TO BE GONE MONTHS, TO OTHER COUNTRIES. THAT'S WHEN HE WAS POLITICAL.



BUT NOW HE SAYS ALL POLITICS IS JUST REVENGE.

LIKE THE IRA AND WHOEVER IT IS THEY FIGHT, AND THE MIDDLE EAST.

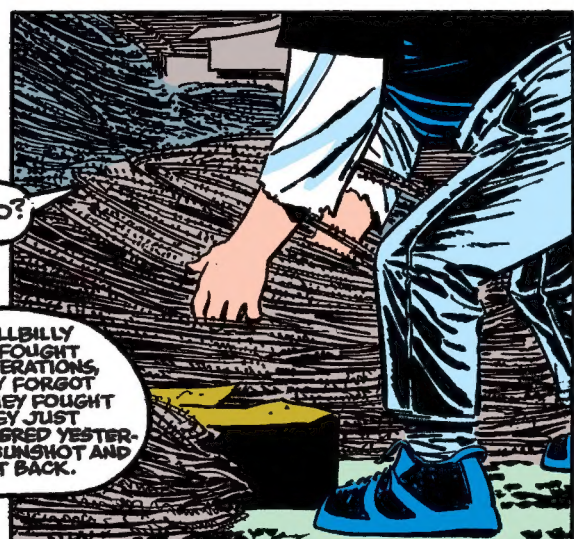


THOSE OIL GUYS AN' RELIGIOUS GUYS. EVERYBODY'S JUST GETTIN' BACK AT EACH OTHER FOR YESTERDAY'S MURDERS AND BOMBINGS. IT GOES ON FOREVER.

SO NOW DADDY FIGHTS MOSTLY FOR CASH. YOU TOO?

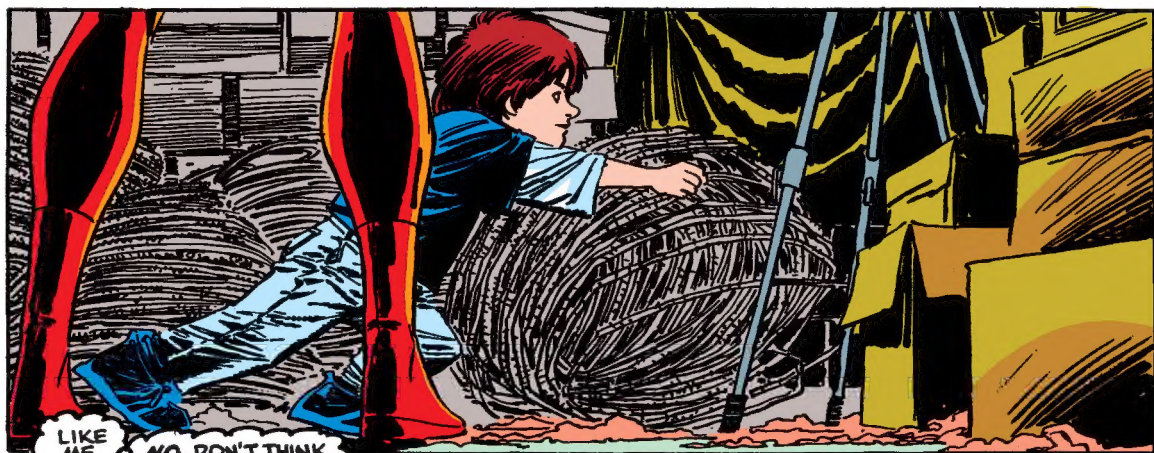


HATFIELDS AND MCCOYS.



WHO?

TWO HILLBILLY CLANS, FOUGHT FOR GENERATIONS TILL THEY FORGOT WHAT THEY FOUGHT FOR. THEY JUST REMEMBERED YESTERDAY'S GUNSHOT AND SHOT BACK.



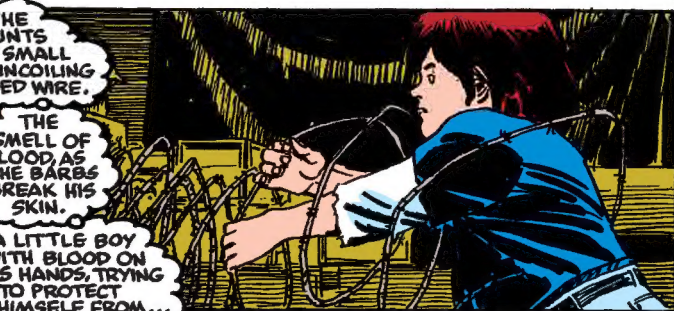
LIKE ME.

NO. DON'T THINK ABOUT WHY. JUST THE DETAILS.

THE GRUNTS OF A SMALL BOY UNCOILING BARBED WIRE.

THE SMELL OF BLOOD, AS THE BARBS BREAK HIS SKIN.

A LITTLE BOY WITH BLOOD ON HIS HANDS, TRYING TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM...



LANCE.

I CAME HERE TO HURT YOUR FATHER.

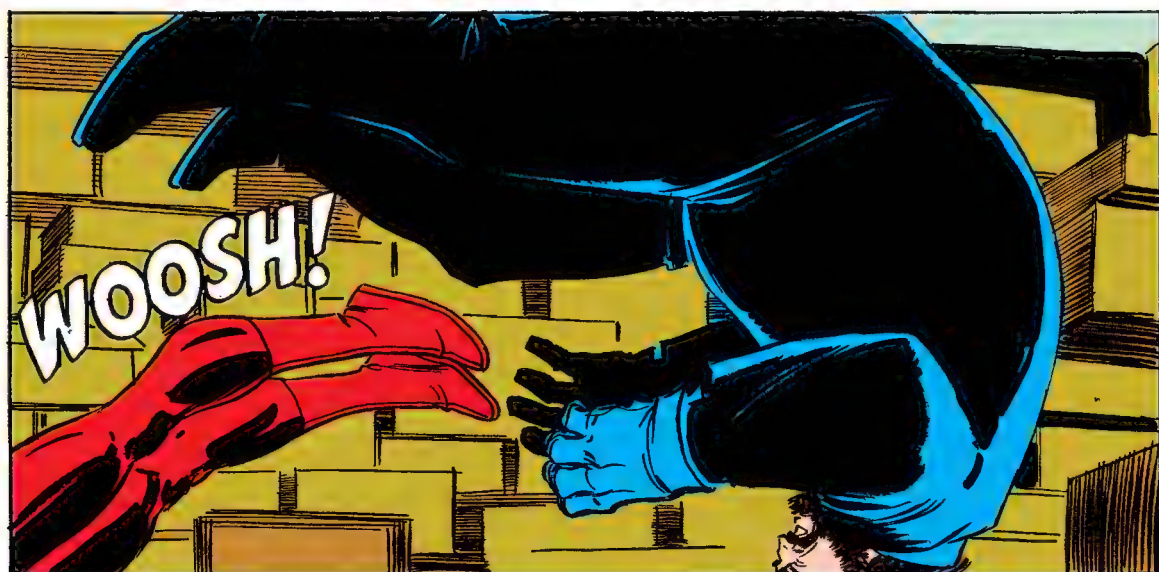
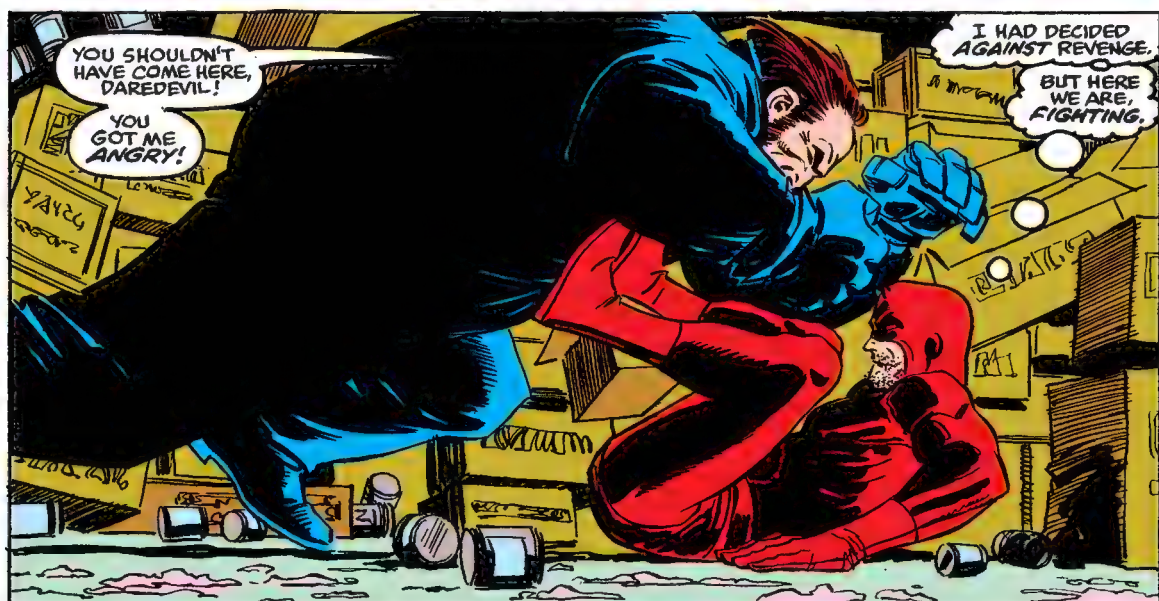
BUT... I CAN'T. I WON'T--

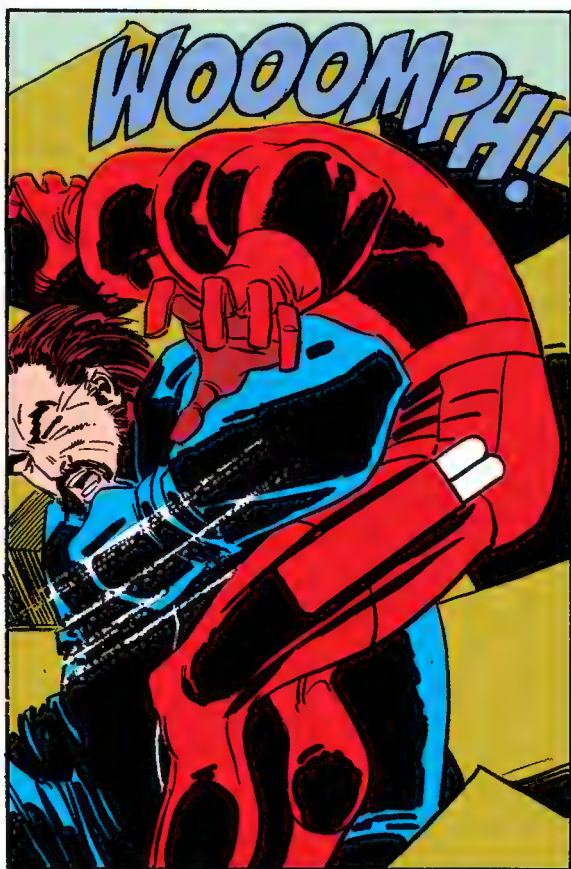
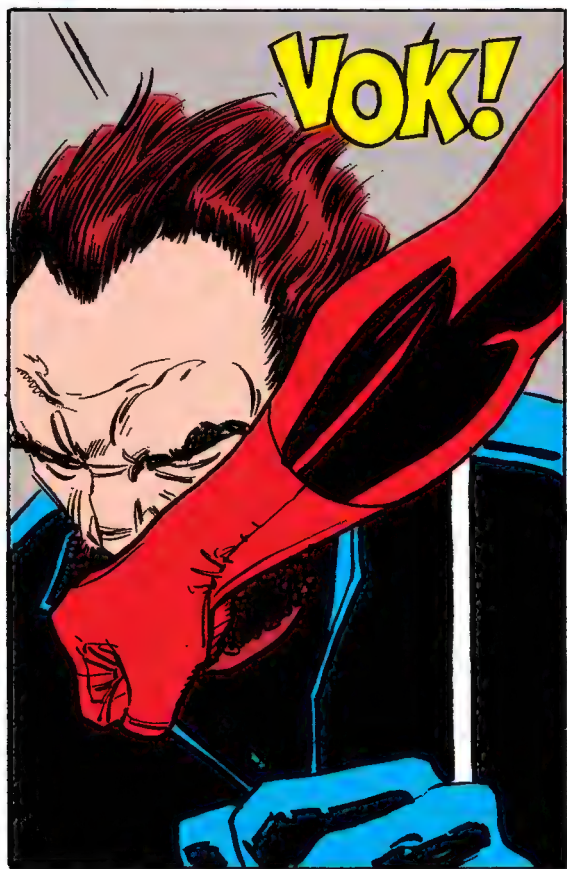


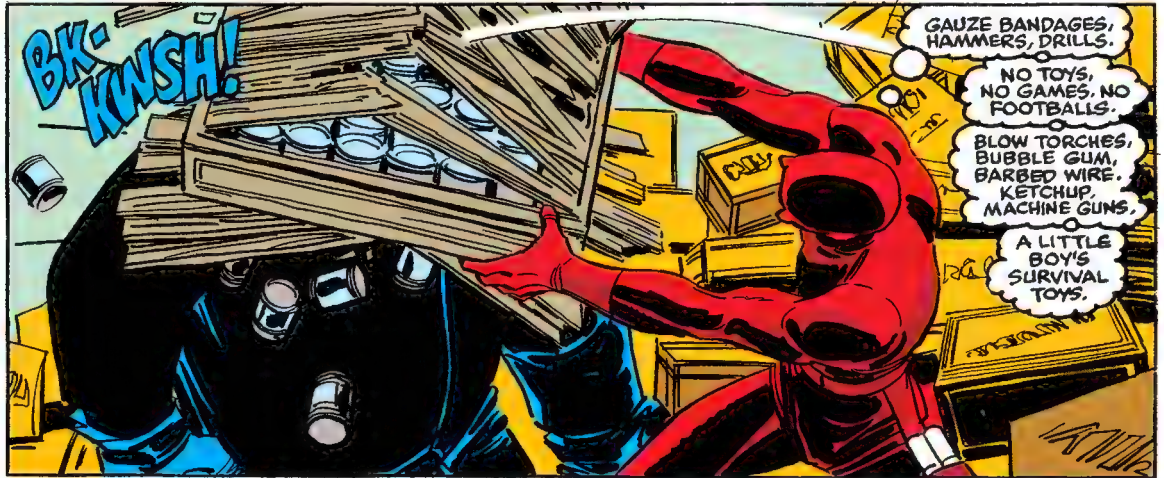
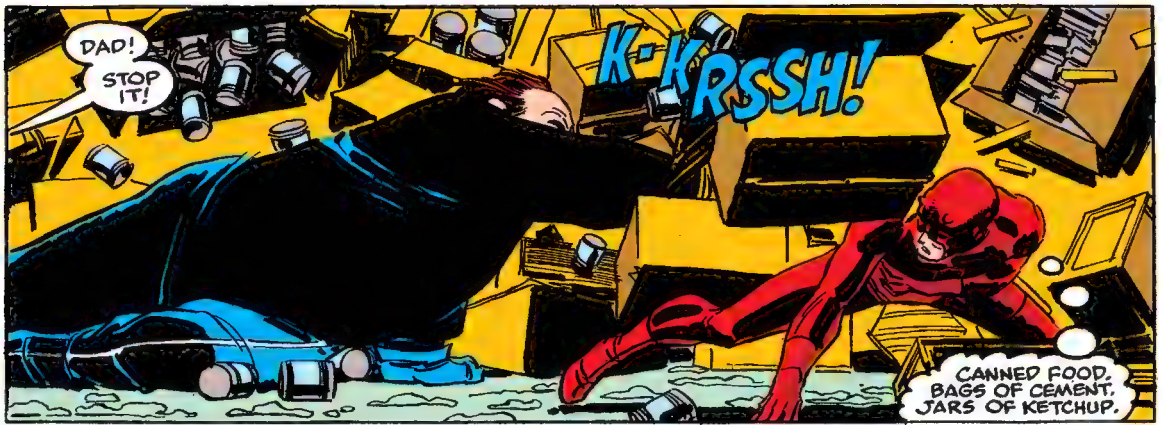
RADAR SENSE TELLS ME OUR FRIEND APPROACHES--!

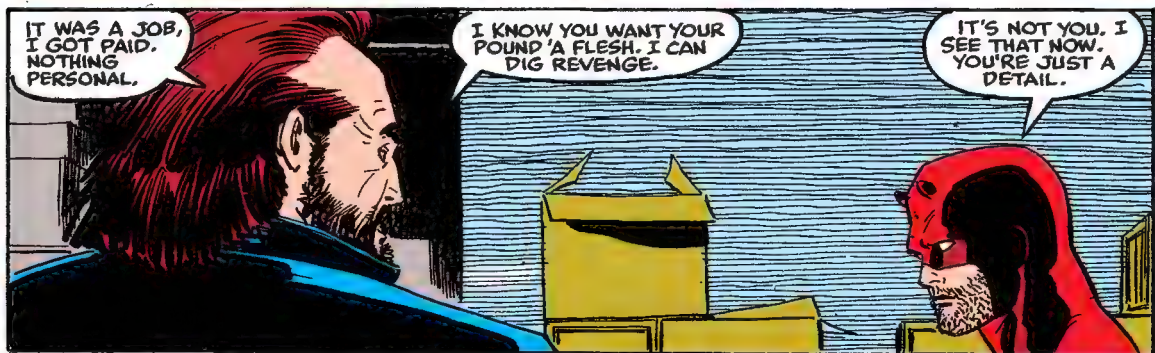
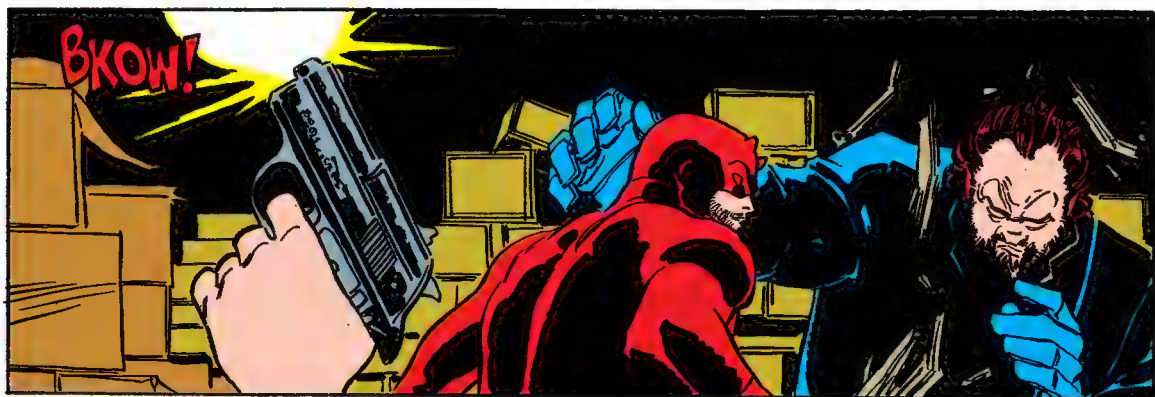


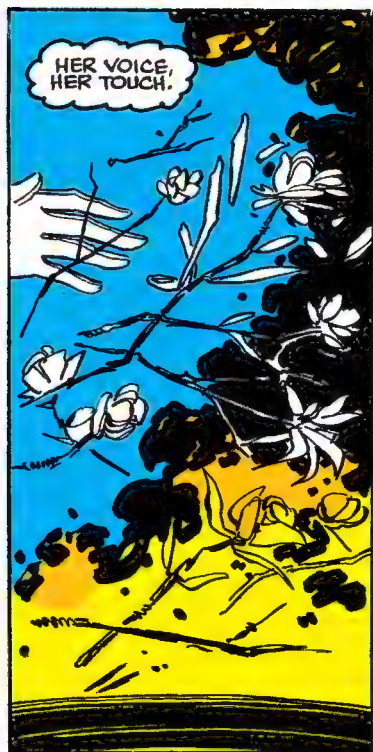
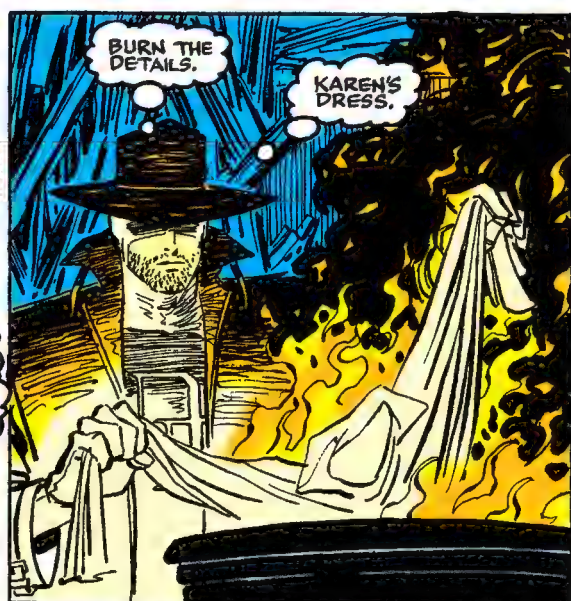
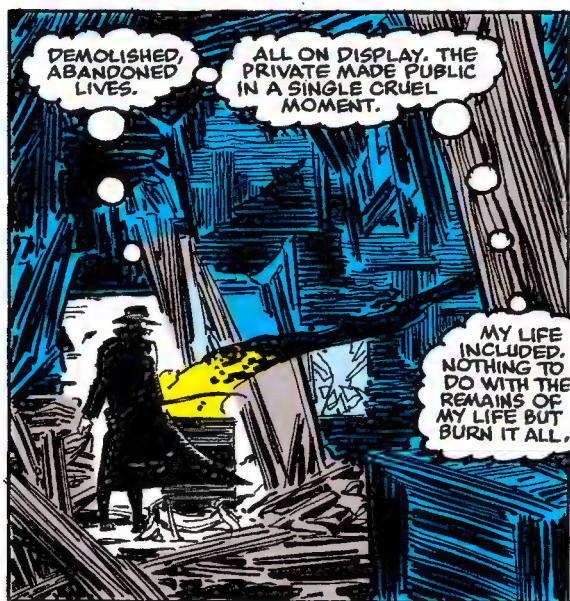
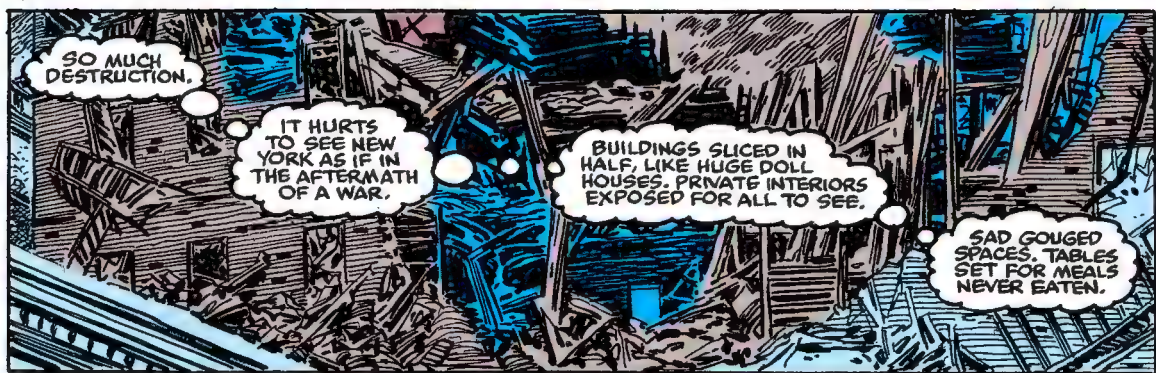


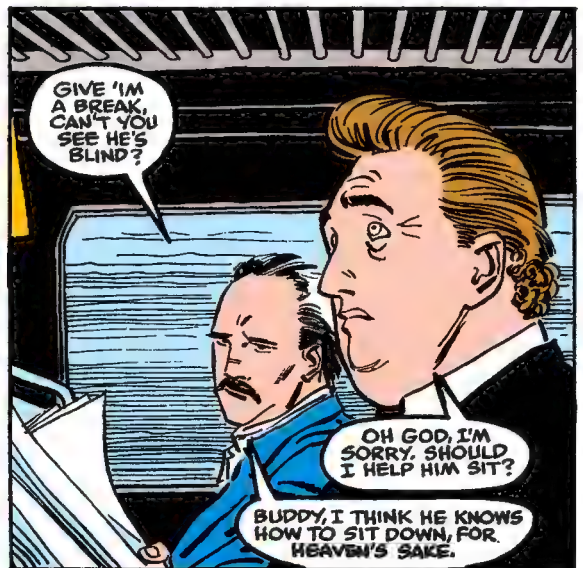
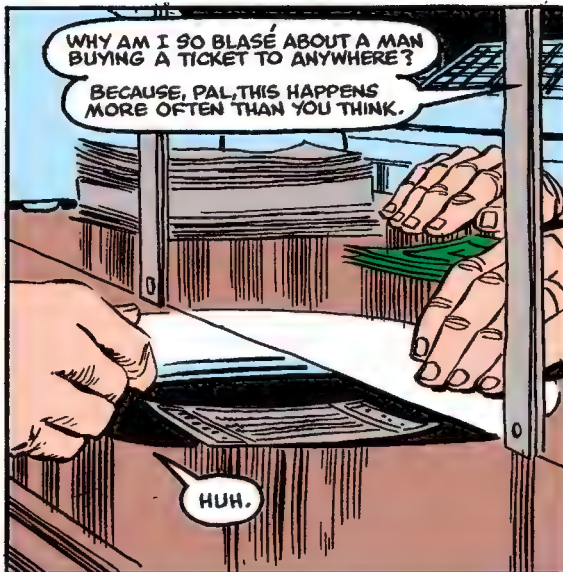


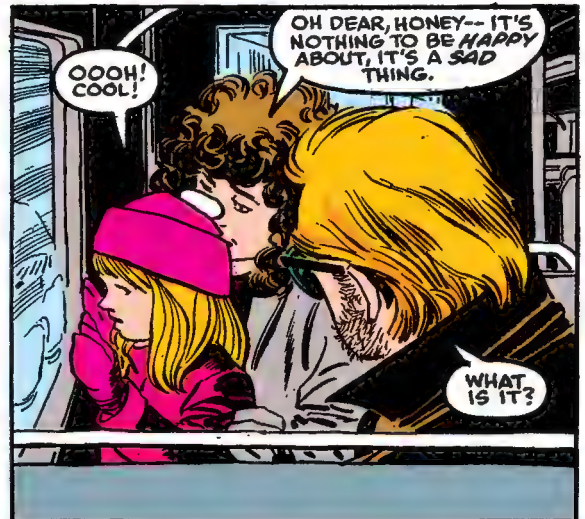
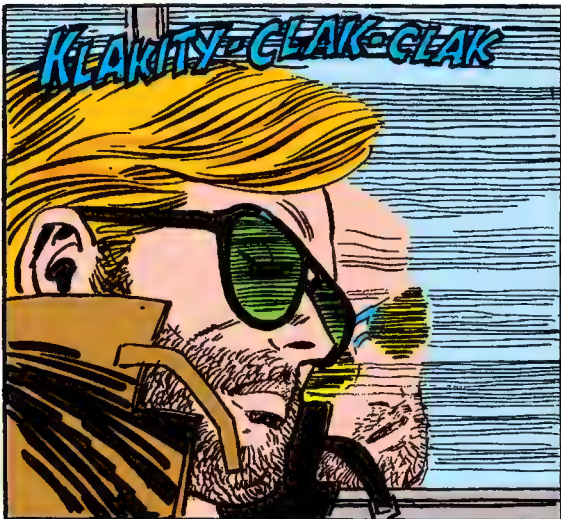
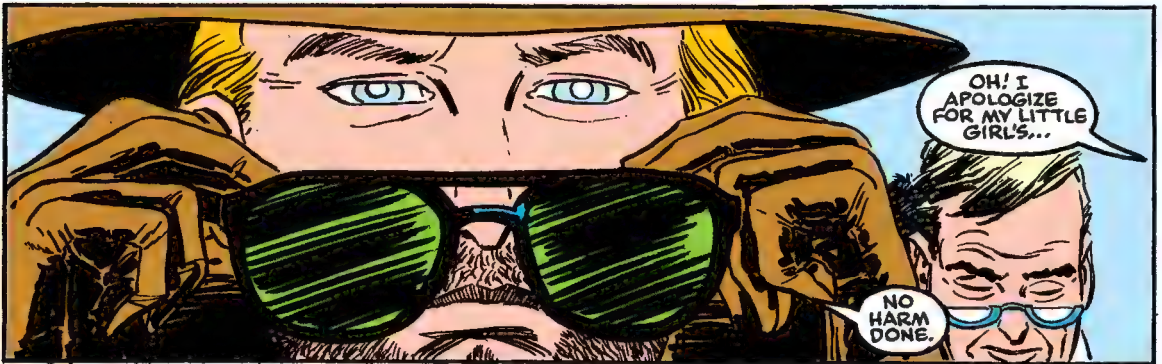
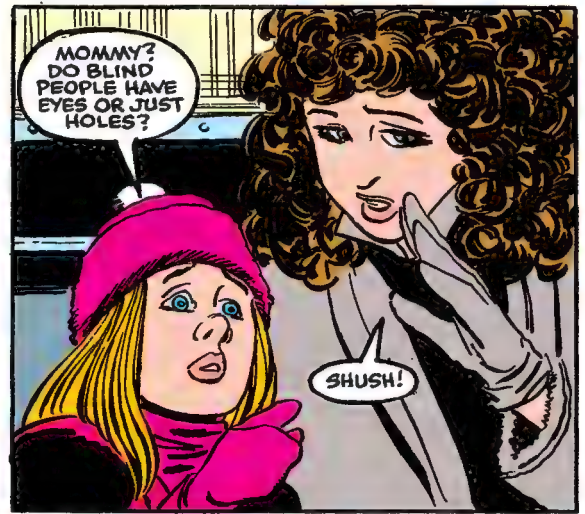
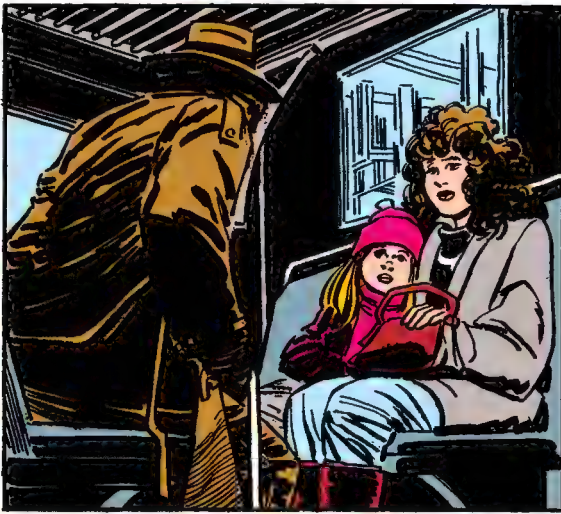


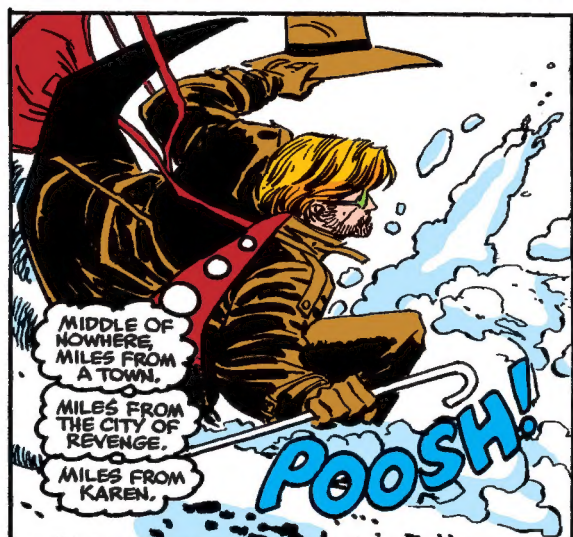
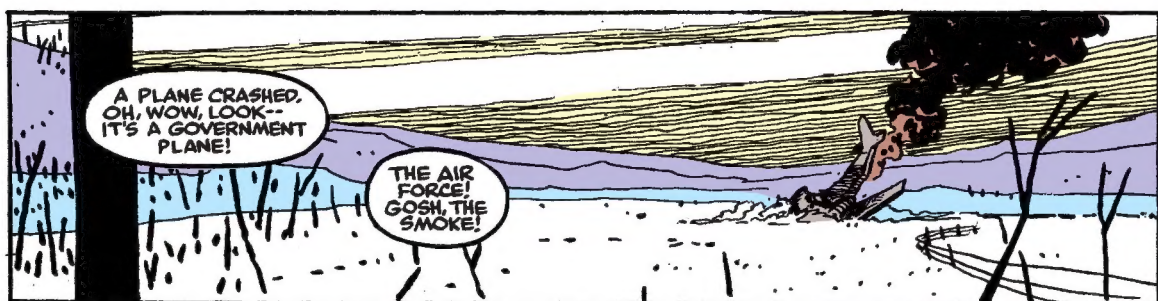


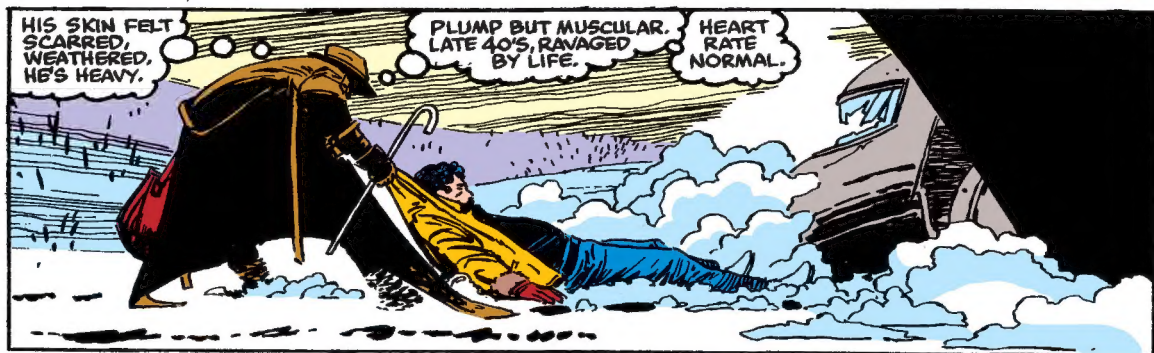
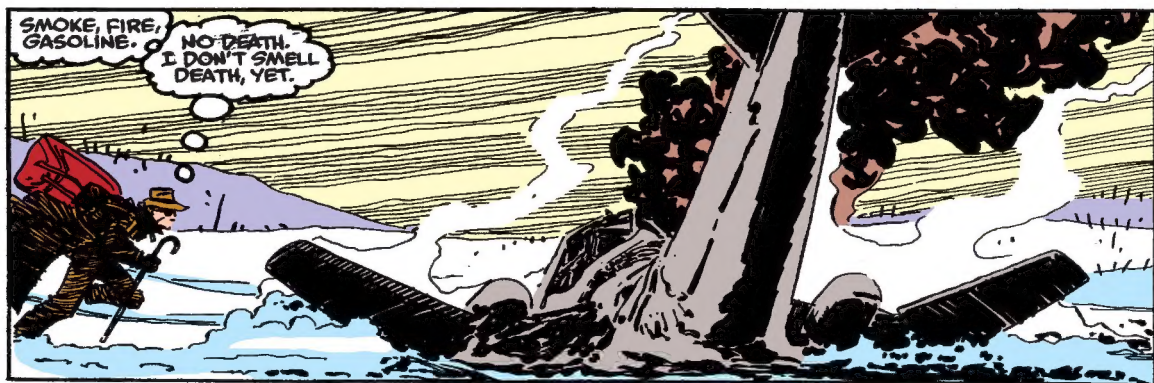


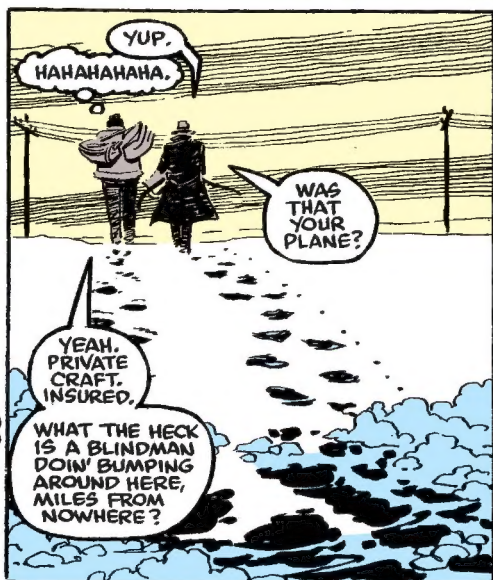
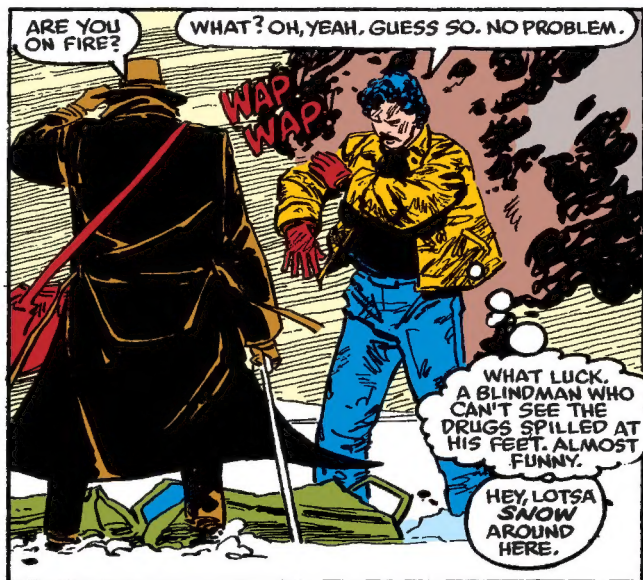
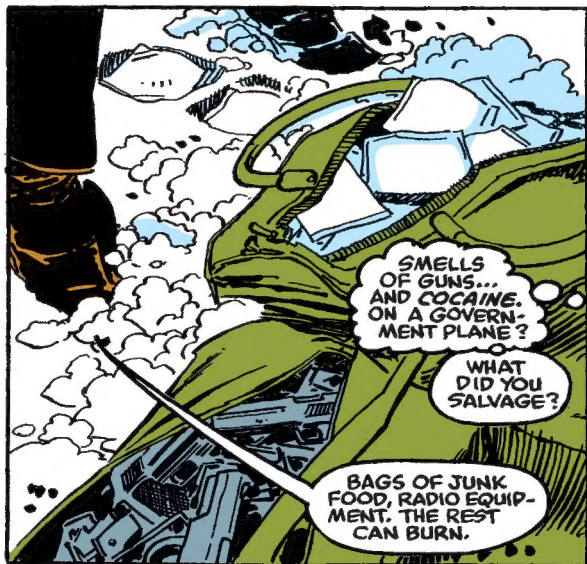
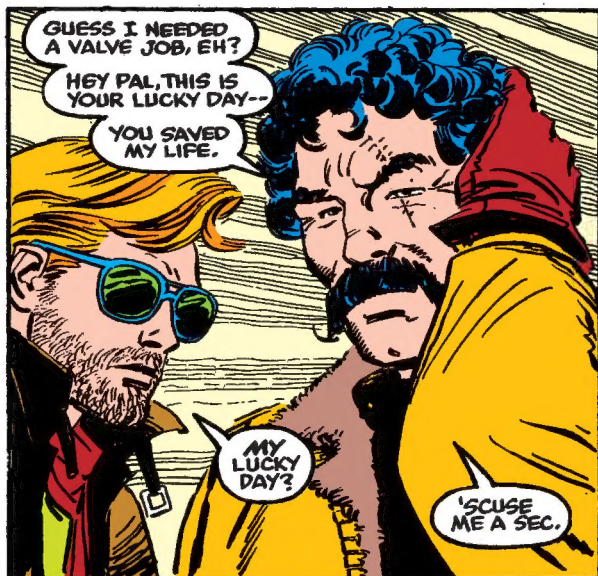


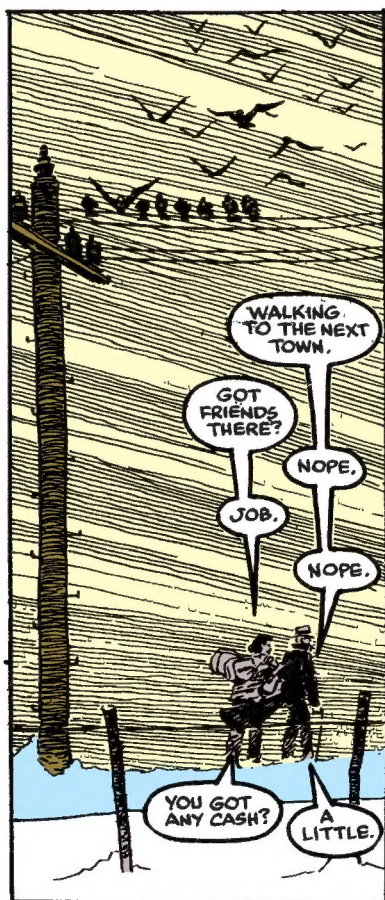












WALKING TO THE NEXT TOWN.

GOT FRIENDS THERE?

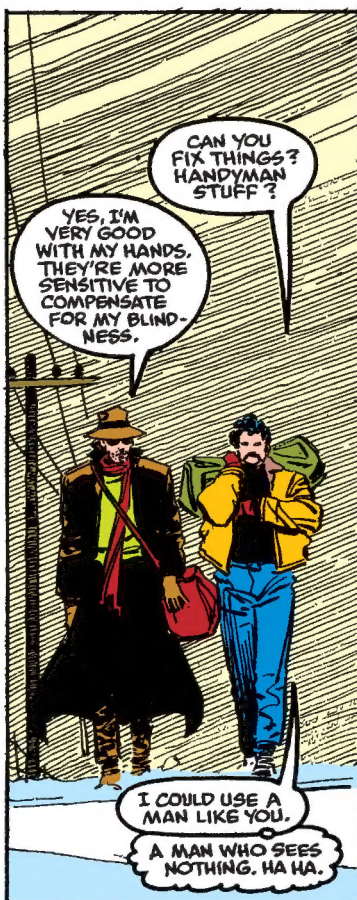
NOPE.

JOB.

NOPE.

YOU GOT ANY CASH?

A LITTLE



CAN YOU FIX THINGS? HANDYMAN STUFF?

YES, I'M VERY GOOD WITH MY HANDS. THEY'RE MORE SENSITIVE TO COMPENSATE FOR MY BLINDNESS.

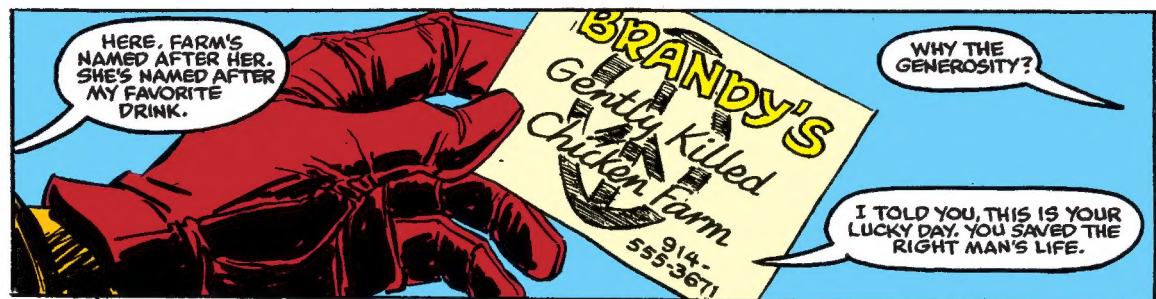
I COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU.

A MAN WHO SEES NOTHING. HA HA.



~ HERE, I RUN A FARM UP NORTH. MEET ME THERE IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS.

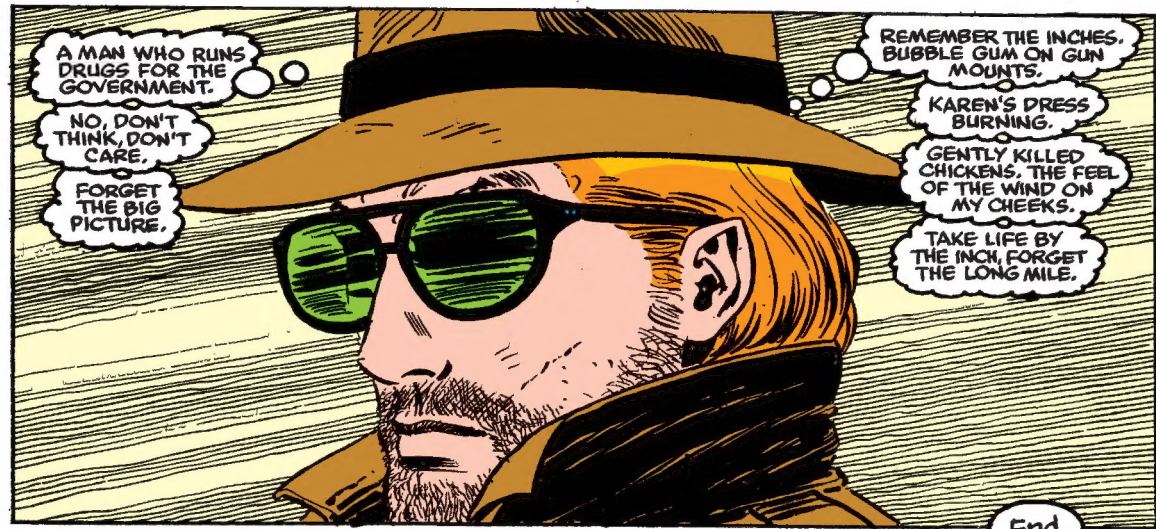
MEANTIME, HERE'S MY DAUGHTER BRANDY'S NUMBER, SHE'LL PUT YOU UP, HELP YOU.



HERE. FARM'S NAMED AFTER HER. SHE'S NAMED AFTER MY FAVORITE DRINK.

WHY THE GENEROSITY?

I TOLD YOU, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY. YOU SAVED THE RIGHT MAN'S LIFE.



A MAN WHO RUNS DRUGS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

NO, DON'T THINK, DON'T CARE.

FORGET THE BIG PICTURE.

REMEMBER THE INCHES. BUBBLE GUM ON GUN MOUNTS.

KAREN'S DRESS BURNING.

GENTLY KILLED CHICKENS. THE FEEL OF THE WIND ON MY CHEEKS.

TAKE LIFE BY THE INCH, FORGET THE LONG MILE.

End.